estions for Tasty Costumes Becoming to Mother and Children, Mistress and Maid-How a "Peach of a Girl" Manages to Look Bright and Keep a Rosy Complex. m-A Darling Bit of Frivolity.



A store door is, perhaps, not the best place to which one might go for the latest fashions, but it is an unexceptionable ground the investigation of the subject of publie taste. Just stop a few moments in the door of what is acknowledged to be the 'swellest" dry-goods shop in town. What do we see? .

In general, a number of women who carry ally well. A few very

place of your dear, sweet, old-fashioned mother? Begin with the jointed feet squeezed into potent-leather high-heeled shoes, and let the glance run over the entire costume. See the thin, wasted body laced till it looks fit to break! See the big bustle like a deformity at the back, and the exaggerated shape of hips and bust. Look well at the bangles on the withered wrists and the heavy earrings in the bloodless ears; at the gaudy bonnet, fully ten inches tall, harsh and sharp shove the faded face, and then, last of all, look at the thick paste of red and white laid upon the cheeks and the black lines about the eyes. Look well, and then tell me if you do not thank heaven doubly that your own dear mother does not dress like that.

Close behind this poor old creature come two children with their pretty French maid. Surely no one could find fault with them. The little girl goes doddering about on her tiny feet, her black silk socks slowly slipping down over the soft, flat, solid shoes. A dear little grandmother cost of brown cloth almost covers her simple white dress, while coat, dress, fat legs, baby and all are almost conealed by the big, wavering Leghorn hat, so simply trimmed with daisies, that is laid on the yellow head.

The boy is as much of a little man as his sister is of a baby. He wears low patentleather shoes, which only occasionally show themselves from beneath the wide-legged blue sailor trousers in which his small legs are completely lost. Over whatever waist he may wear is a blue chinchilla receter, with pockets, in which, it need be said, are a pair of fat fists. On his cropped head is a Tarpanin, on the ribbon of which is stamped, with true manly sympathy for the weakest, "Thistle."

The maid is as picturesque in her way as her charges. She wears a simple dress of

"Thistle."

The maid is as picturesque in her way as her charges. She wears a simple dress of black, wide, turned-back white collar and cuffs and a long black-silk apron. Her cap is also of black silk, mob-shaped, with long ties reaching half the length of her skirt. Considering that the maid is a pretty. "Mam'-zelle." with a delightful complexion and ruddy hair, the glances in her direction are not to be wondered at.

The next picture is far less pretty. The gown is seen afar off, and noted by all, for is it not the new shade of green, and is it not

trimmed with rows on rows of ribbon in the new shades of brown? All the same, the eye is disappointed as the gown draws near; for that important feature, the girl in the gown has made a dreadful mistake in wearing those shades. Her hair is neither light nor dark, and is unhappily neither glossy nor fluffy. Her complexion is equally non-committal. There is a dull red in the cheek, but the part that should be clear, that about the ear and the mouth and the forehead, is unmistakably dingy. This poor rich girl should either study colors better or take better care of her skin and hair.

Ah, ha! Now, indeed, are you paid for the watching. Here come a dear peach of a girl.

should either study colers better or take better care of her skin and hair.

Ah, ha! Now, indeed, are you paid for the watching. Here come a dear peach of a girl. You are sure to agree with me that she is the prettiest bit of girl porcelain you have seen in an age. She goes to bed early, that girl, whenever she can, you may be sure, for her eyes are as clear and as bright as a baby's behind those funny little glasses that are always sitting so contentedly on the bridge of her straight nose. She eats good, sensible things, too, for her skin is as peachy and eatable as the flesh of a real peach from the warm, sunny South. Her gown is simply one variation of the many we have already seen and are destined to see in the coming season—copper and black. The copper is lady's cloth, and the black is partly black moire and partly black silk passementerie, but the style is good; it clings to the girlish, round figure to a degree, and what more can you ask? Nothing save what the patent-leather walkingshoes, pretty on these slender feet, and the neat gloves and the saucy turban, tipped just a bit over the nose, and those self-satisfied glasses can give. She is a dashing bit of frivolity, and we love her for her nonsense. Don't we now?

A mature siren is making her way out of

ally well. A few very pretty, thoroughly New York women and a stuggish undercurrent of deadly, uninteresting and badly dressed fumps.

First comes in that old lady. Do you not thank heaven that she does not stand in the place of your dear, sweet, old-fashioned mother? Begin with the jointed feet squeezed into potent-leather high-heeled shoes, and let the glance run over the entire costume. See the thin, wasted body laced till it looks fit to break! See the big bustle like a deformity at the back, and the exaggerated shape of hips and bust. Look well at the bangles on the withered wrists and the heavy earnings in the bloodless ears; at the gaudy bonnet, fully ten inches tall, harsh and sharp above the faded face, and then, last of all, look at the thick paste of red and white laid upon the cheeks and the black lines about the eyes. Look well, and then tell me if you do not thank heaven doubly that your own dear mother does not dress like that.

Close behind this poor old creature come two children with their pretty French maid.

A Misfit Question.

[From the Minneapolis Star.]
Bingley is a bashful man when ladies are around. He was walking down Fourth avenue the other morning after the rain and it was very muddy. People on foot had worn a single crossing file over a side street that was fairly dry, and Bingley came up just as two ladies were on the point of crossing. The older one behind stopped to hitch up her dress a trifle to avoid the mud, and Bingley followed close behind the younger and pretty one, followed close behind the younger and pretty one, who thought her companion was still following her. Bingley, who is a bachelor, noticed her trim figure, the neatness of her dress and hair with pleasure. But what was his horror after the street was crossed to see her turn half round and hear her inquire in a matter-of-fact tone, "Could you see my red stockings?" Bingley stammered something and made a wild dash down the side atreet, and the girl, covered with confusion, continued on her course with her amused companion.

Back From His Uncle's.

[From Tid-Bits.] When early spring stole softly to this shore. I gave to thee a very glad farewell ;

wowed that I would see thee nevermore, Thy charms were gone and broken was the spell We meet again, and warm is thy embrace. Ah, broken pride! Still on thee must I dote ; Believe me, note has come to take thy place-My old, last winter's overcoat !

ABOUT THE POLITICIANS

bits of politics galore and statesmanlike wisdom were overheard last evening by an Evening World reporter at various public resorts: "Why don't Gov. Hill get in married."

/////// married."

appointed fifty men in the Navy Yard," Eddie Cahill is very sick. Some of the

boys ought to call upon him." Harmony is a picnic for the favorites of

the bosses."
"I will get the Tammany Hall nomination for Alderman if the shift comes our way. The Counties would then name the Assem-

The Counties would then name the Assemblyman."

'The rank and file of Irving Hall in our district consists of two brothers. One brother is the rank and the other brother the file."

'If the newspapers are going to dictate nominations, what is the use of belonging to an organization."

'Civil Justice Norton is laid up with a swelled leg. If he remains sick, sympathy will re-elect him."

"I'll bet that 50,000 Republicans will stay at home on election day."

at home on election day."

"Yes; but you can bet that the Labor people won't work or stay at home. They will be at the polls, and don't you forget it."

"I am a Prohibitionist; I want to prohibit

"I am a Prohibitionist; I want to plombit
the political bosses selecting whoever they
please for us to vote for."

"Have you seen Col. Theodore A. Hamilton? I am looking for a tip."

"Somebody has put blankets on Col. Tom.
Ochiltree for a Congressional race next year."

"Somebody has put blankets on Col. Tom.
Ochiltree for a Congressional race next year."
"You ought to hear Tom. Walsh discussing the tariff question."
"When a delegation of politicians call upon Mayor Hewitt in scarch of an office lots are drawn to see who will be the unlucky man to broach the subject to His Honor."
"The same old names are once more to the front." front."
A union is off when the sun goes down on

election day."
"The Republican party hasn't any anchor."
"George will not get more than 45,000 votes in this city this trip."
"He will increase his vote in the brownstone districts, but will lose votes on the east and west sides and down town."
"The Socialists will poll 4,000 votes in the Eighth and Tenth Assembly Districts."
"I have heard of very few bets on the election." elections"
"The Republicans won't bring Foraker here this time. They had enough of him in

1885."
"The lodging-house votes should be sup-

pressed."
"There are fully 15,000 illegal votes polled from lodging-houses every important election."
"The lodging-house vote is auctioned off to the highest bidder."
"What do convention platforms amount

what do convention platetoms amount to?"

"Chippy birds light on the telegraph wire and pick at the platform taffy as it flies away from the convention."

"Why don't Thomas J. Creamer run for Senator in the Seventh?"

Complications of Justice.

(From the Mileaukee Sun.)

' Jim Richardson, am yer guilty of feloniously an' unceremoniously an' premeditionously steal-ing Sam Weasel's chickens widout askin' his per-mission t'" asked Judge Johnson.
"No, sah," replied the prisoner, "I never took

'em."

But der chickens were found in yer possesshun. Spiain dat."
"Well, Boss, I didn't take 'em. Another nig-ger stoled dem ail, an' he gin me haf of what he got for gwine 'long an' holdin' de lantern. But

Jedge, you couldn't hire a respectable nigger like me ter steal things."

"Release de prisoner," cried the Judge. "He has been a-doin nothin' worthy of condemnation. It would be a check on de liberties of de world ed is Court should say dat it was unlawful fer a man ter hire out to hold a lantern for another man, whether de other man 'grees to pay him in chickens, ole clothes or money."

CAR STABLE HORSE DOCTORS.

Valuable Men to the Railroad Com-and They have Plenty to De.

It may not be generally known that every large car stable in this city has its regularly employed veterinary department, whose duty it is to attend to all ailments and mishaps of the horses, and who have by no means an easy time of it. In fact, the hospital ward, as it is called by the drivers and stablemen, is usually pretty well filled up with disabled animals and the horse doctor has his hands full of responsibility. One of the largest stables in the city is that of the Third Avenue line at Sixty-seventh street. The average number of horses kept in that stable is about seventeen hundred. It is well known that a horse could be put to no more racking and wearing work than dragging horse cars, especially over so long and tedious a route as the Third avenue. For this reason the number of disabled horses on this line is always very

of disabled horses on this line is always very large.

The large hospital room, which is connected with the station, is always well filled with equine patients, and according to the veterinarian of the line, the number is generally in the neighborhood of one hundred and fifty. The troubles of the animals principally arise from strains and wrenches which they receive in pounding over the cobblestones, and they are very seldom disabled by sickness or disease. Occasionally they get overheated in the summer, and that necessitates laying them off for a few days or weeks, but usually their feet and legs give out, their muscles get puffed up and stiff, and then they are at once sent to the hospital. Sometimes, too, it is owing to carelessness or cruelty of drivers that a horse is disabled.

Whenever an animal is found to be injured in any way he is at once put on the sick list and turned over to the doctor. If he is a

Whenever an animal is found to be injured in any way he is at once put on the sick list and turned over to the dector. If he is a young horse and has not been hammered and pounded too much a few days, or a week at the most, will put him in condition again. However, if after a few experiences of this kind it is found that he cannot be brought around so easily by poultices and plasters, and eventually the joints begin to stiffen and swell up and he is pronounced unfit for further car work and is turned over to the salesstables.

The average period of usefulness of the

ther car work and is turned over to the salesstables.

The average period of usefulness of the car-horse is about three years. A few extraordinarily tough brutes can stand it ten or twelve years. In fact, they have a horse now in the service of the Third Avenue Company which has survived that time. His name is Billy, and he is an old white horse. He does not look by any means as broken down as a great many of his younger companions. In car pulling, as in a variety of other pursuits in life, it is evident that a good deal depends on the way it is done, and Uncle Billy seems to have discovered how to do it without undergoing the usual physical risks that are popularly supposed to be unavoidable in this occupation. Not a few horses, however, wear out within six months after they have been put on the road, and must be sold again for country work.

It is the province of the veterinary surgeon to decide when horses are laid up whether they shall be returned to work again after being patched up, or whether they are too far gone to bother with. In every case he decides in favor of the horse, because the company is very particular with regard to its live stock, and it would not do to show any lame or broken-down horses on the street. When a horse is no more use to the company, as has been said, it is sold. The prices usually brought are from \$25 to \$35 apiece.

SONGS FOR A CENT.

the Public Gets its Cheap Music Popular Songs of the Season. At two or three street corners in New York

little sheets of paper flutter in the air with printing on them that looks like poetry. They are songs, at a cent apiece. Some are classical, many were dear to the ears of past generations, others are " revival " airs, negro ditties are numerous, a great number are love songs and there is a class, with titles full

of filial devotion, which may be styled "mother" songs.
One or two small rooms in Park Row furnish them to the whole country. In 1879 they were printed with a hand press, but the next year a steam printing press was used. As fast as a song runs out a new edition of 1,200 copies is

printed from a stereotype plate.

Most of the songs are copyrighted, but the publishers are willing that the Fark row place should issue all the cent reprints it can. In the first place, printing the words in this In the first place, printing the words in this cheap way increases the demand for the song with the music. Then the publisher of the cent sheets sells the words with the music for the unvarying price of 40 cents. He buys them of the other publishers at prices ranging from 30 cents to 60. All the cent reprints are copyrighted.

Two pale-faced girls came into the room in Park row, yesterday. They were about

Two pale-faced girls came into the room in Park row, yesterday. They were about fifteen years of age, "Have you got 'Our Good Ship Sails To-night?'" asked one of them. She bought two copies of it, and two of "Her Own Boy, Jack," "I'd like 'I'm Waitin' My Love's Return," said the other. They paid their five cents and went out happy.

"What is the most popular song you have?"

have?"
"The Old Folks at Home," was the prompt

have?"

"The Old Folks at Home," was the prompt reply. "It came out thirty years ago, and has sold steadily ever since. We are printing new editions of it all the time."

"What are some other favorite songs?"

"Love songs always sell well. 'Good-bye, My Love, Good-bye,' is one of the most popular. 'The Dving Girl's Message' goes well too. All the 'Mother' songs catch on every time. There are no less than fifty 'Mother' songs in the publisher's stock."

Some of this year's crop of cent songs are: "White Wings," "The Letter that Never Came." 'Cricket on the Hearth' and "Since My Mother's Dead and Gone."

Popular songs are set to a tune that is not only catching but easily caught. People hear them at the theatre, find themselves humming them afterwards, wish they had the words to that song, see it somewhere for a cent and buy it. After a few demands for some particular song, the publisher sees that it has taken and prints it.

Business houses buy thousands of the popular cent songs, print an advertisement on the blank side, and distribute them gratuitously. It pays. People keep the song, advertisement and all.

Larger sheets are printed with six or eight songs for two cents. But these do not take as well. The sheet is too large. After flagging a little during the era of cheap music with words, the cent songs are now looking up again.

Might Have Had the Pleasure Before.

[From the Galvesten News]
An Austin, Tex., family has a colored servan hat, while very attentive to her duties, has never been known to give anybody a civil answer. Pure ly as an experiment, the lady of the house bough her a new callco dress and gave it to her, saying:
"I am glad to have the pleasure, Matiidy, of giving you this dress."
"You mout hab had dat pleasure long ago of yer had had any regard fo' my feelings," was the gracious reply.

[ From the Philadelphia News, ] Young Sampson, who thinks he can play the cor-net, is serenading his girl when the old gentleman interrupts him with:
"Here, you! We don't want fish at this how
of night."

Briefs from Bellevue Ho

Dr. Henry V. Wildman, who for five years past has had charge of the insane pavilion at Bellevue Hospital, has resigned his position, has married and taken up his residence at 187 West Forty-ninth street.

Prof. J. D. Bryant, M. D., who accompanies President Cleveland on his tour, is one of the most eminent surgeons in this city. He is a member of the Medical Board and a visiting surgeon of Bellevue Hospital, and lately has been appointed a Commissioner of the Board of Health.

Dr. W. Travis Gibb, whose term of service as House Physician on the Second Medical Division of Bellevue Hospital expired Oct. 1, has received an appointment on the staff of the Hospital for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, Forty-second street and Lexington avenue.

Lexington avenue.

In the past three months there were 1,074 telephone ambulance calls at Bellevue Hospital. Of these 119 were "hurry calls," when an ambulance rattles out in one minute or less after the call comes; but of these hurry calls 35 were "no case," that is, the ambulance was not wanted. One of the hurry calls was a case of gout, from which the victim had been suffering for years, till all of a sudden he concluded to call an ambulance at lightning speed. Probably this patient was own cousin to Mark Twain's prisoner, who pined in his solitary cell for twenty years, till one morning it occurred to him to open the unbarred window and jump out.

He Got the Tickets.

There was a race meeting at Ballyknockhim, and many of the sporting element ran the time as near as could be, so much so that some of them had no When nearing Ballyknockhim they began to ponder on the subject, saying:

"How will they give us tickets here? They will "How will they give us tlokets here? They will be delaying; shure we'll miss the first race."
A gentleman present observed: "Oh, I'll get them for ye; don't be annoying yourselves."
On arriving at the last station before Hallyknock-him, out he got, and presently returned, saying:
"How many are there of ye without tickets?"
"Three," they said.
"Oh, by the mother of Moses! I have lashings and leavings for ye. I have folve."
"More power to ye! How did ye get them?"
"Oh, I saw a carriage full of English towerists, and I opened the door and said sharply to them, 'Now then, tickets here!" and be jabbers, they handed them up at once."

AMUSEMENTS.

Toly & Rosenthul Claime

CADEMY OF MUHIC. 14th st, and Irving place 4TH WERK, Evenings at 8. Mat. Sat. at 7. A DARK SECRET.

Reserved seate, 50c, 75c, 81. Femily circle, 25c.

(ENERAL ADMISSION, 50c.) LYCRUM THEATRE 4th are, and 23d. st.

Degins 8. 15 with EDITHA'S BURGLAR. As 8.45.

THE GREAT FIRE PEARL:

THE GREAT FIRE PEARL:

THE HIGHEST BIDDER AND ROTHA'S BURGLAR.

The great painting is now on view at 230 5th ave., nes 27th st., daily from D A. M. to 10 P. M. Admission, 25c

TH AVE. THEATRE,
Evenings at 8. Saturday Mattines at 2. MRS. LANGTRY in the secompanied by MAURICE BARRYMORK and her companied by MAURICE BARRYMORK and her covered to the second of the

wn company in her successful prod.
A5 IN A LOOKING GLASS.
Splendid scenery and appointmen BANJO—HENRY C. DOBSON, MANUFATURER and teacher of the patent silver-bell banjo. I guarantee to teach this popular instrument in cust of ten weeks lessons, with regular mutical notation or by my simple method without notes, at the pupil may desire, HENRY C. DOBSON, 1270 Brandway.

THALLA TO-NIGHT. DEOP OF POISON.
Saturday, Junkermann's first appearance.
INSPECTOR BRAKEIG,
Monday, Bootel Troubbdours.

YORKSHIRES HAVE THE CALL .



pets this autumn," said an old dog fancier to an Evening Works reporter, "will be foxterriers, small white bull-terriers and Yorkshires. The latter are

been disposed of before they were three weeks old.

A great majority of the so-called St. Bernards which are now bred in this country were crossed in England with the mastiff and berghund. This has not only had the effect of vitiating the stock, but it has changed the entire character of the dog, both in form and disposition. It has made him less heavy in appearance, given him longer legs, and made him cross and surly in disposition and treacherous even toward his own master. In a word, he has acquired the characteristics of the mastiff and berghund, and instead of being governed by an instinct to save and protect life, as is natural to the St. Bernard, is actually fitted to destroy life, for he is fierce and ill-tempered and will attack anyone, even to little children, if they happen to come in his way. The importation of some of the purebred dogs from Switzerland during the past few years has shown the American public what the St. Bernard really is, and now everyone is trying to breed them. For watchdogs and pets universal opinion pronounces

them unsurpassed, while their growing popularity is a hopeful sign that the smaller animals are to a certain extent to be placed in the background when it comes to a question of really valuable and intelligent dogs for household pets or household protection. There is a uniform price for 8t. Bernard pupples under eight weeks old, and that is \$100 apiece.

[Pitteburg Disposeh's New York Letter.]
While such luxuries of living and of benefaction come into view, I have stumbled on a curiou bull-terriers and Yorkshires. The latter are better adapted for ladies' pets and lapdogs because they are so gentle, affectionate and easily managed. Still a great many ladies are showing an alarming tendency towards fox and bull-terriers, no doubt because they have the reputation of being more manly dogs. At any rate, men have affected them from time immemorial, and women who are getting tired of spaniels and pugs and poodles are going in for animals of an entirely different stripe.

"Fox-terriers are not particularly good natured dogs, but they have the advantage of being aristocratic, which makes up for a great many unpleasnt things about them, and them too they are fashionable. They began to get popular about two years ago and now there is no doubt that they are away ahead of all other pet dogs. You can't get a good fox-terrier under \$25 and they sometimes sell as high as \$1,000, especially imported breeds.

"There's one in that cage," he went on, pointing to a little white, shargy bobtailed dog of very meek appearance, "that's imported. You see he has the shaggy rough hair. Well, that dog couldn't be bought for \$200. Most of the fox-terriers vou see in this stempt to make a business of murder.

officers testified that Martin persisted in following President and Mrs. Cleveland in all their devious wanderings. He was discovered by a porter at the Palmer House at a late hour Wednesday night, in the act of shadowing the private apartments of Mrs. Cleveland. He stoutly maintained at the time that he was in the private employ of the President. When asked by Justice White for an explanation he said:

'I am a private detective in the employ of a syndicate of Bastern Democrats who have determined that the Guiteau incident shall not be repeated. My instructions are that no suspicious characters shall be allowed to approach the President, and in the discharge of that duty I was arrested."

Martin is a tall, well-dressed man, with dark complexion, a jet black mustache, and glistening white teeth. His eyes have that glitter peculiar to the genus crank, and they did not belie their possessor. A brief examination demonstrated that the man was either a would-be thief or a crank, Justice White gave him the benefit of the doubt and placed him in charge of an officer, who presented him to Dr. Moser, who pronounced Martin insane.

everdressed would-be dude threw away the cigar he had just lighted and, raising his hat to a charminglooking but unprotected American lady, he said:

'Can I call a cab?"

A faint look of astonishment on the lady's face was followed by a smile and a sweetly murmured:

'Merci."

A Strong Class.

college, Tom ? Tom-Let's see. There is Ed Pender, can curve a

AMUSEMENTS, 23D STREET TABERNACLE

TO-MORROW.

M. DE MUNKACSY'S

At the 23d St. Tabernacle CHARLES SEDELMEYER, Pr

"Calvary" is a worthy companion to his "Christ before Pilate." It has the same superb dramatic force, the same intense real ness, the same wonderful power of maximum the divine element apparent without the slightest departure from the bare histories facts.—Christian World, March 5, 1885.

ADAL CRAY

ADAL CRAY

BO CENTS

BO CENTS

RESERVED

ANATORES

ANAT DOCKSTADER'S.

DOOLE'S THEATRE.

Cleveland's Western Trip.
Volunteer and Thistle.
"FALL OF NEW RABYLON."
THREE NEW SONGS.
Saturday Mations, 2.

H.R.JACOBS'S 3D AVE. THEATRE, Prices, 10c.; Res. Seats, 20c. & 30c

House packed. Not even standing room a Matiness Monday, we democky and faturing a RATLEY CAMPBELLES CAMP.
Box office always open. Beward of specialistics.
Oct. 17—THE WILEBUR OPERA CO.

14TH STREET THEATRE. Cor CARD
14TH W. ROASSOTTER AUGUSTA
MINNIE PALMER
THE RING AND THE REPER.
BY SWEETHER REPER.
Seate secured in advance at usual prices. BUNNELL'S MUSEUM,
BEALS,

The very largest show ever given.

WALLACK'S.

Under the direction of Mr. HENRY R. ABBRY
THIS TUESDAY EVENING, OUT III
Commencement of the REGULAR SEASON with the
production of SYDNEY GRUNDY'S consect drams,
THE MOUSE TRAD.
GREAT CAST.

BLIOU OPERA-HOUSE. U OPERA-HOUSE.

Evenings and Saturday Metines at 2.

SAL-BURY TROUBADOUMS,

THE HUMMING BIRD. GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

MR. AND MES. MCKEE RANKIN
IN THE GOLDEN GLAST
Nest week-CLARA MOERIS.

IT WASN'T A NIGHTMARE.

Genuine Pickpocket, na Mr. Sulfiv Mr. Denis Sullivan is a well-known De

erat and Grand Army man of the Thirte Ward. He has a saloon on the east where he serves crullers and pigs' feet for a free lunch. Down at Liberty Island he swells out as a caterer under the shadow of the Goddess of Liberty. Air. Sullivan small of size, has a neat, trim figure and sports a watch chain that emulates the Brooklyn Bridge cables. Several days ago Mr. Sullivan journeyed to Philadelphia to meet some old soldier friends. He started on his return home. He fell asleep in the cars and was suddenly awakened by feeling a hand in his trousers' pocket, where a fat pock, etbook was snugly hid away. Mr. Sullivan's teeth were at work the next moment at a fig

howls of pain from the man who owned fist.

Then everybody in the car got tan up, and when the brakeman had strained things out a little Mr. Sull yowed that the man who sat next to him attempted to rob him. The latter denied accusation and said he would have Mr. Sull your arrested for manhem when the trainers are arrested for manhem when the trainers.

attempted to rob him. The latter denied the accusation and said he would have Mr. Sullivan arrested for mayhem when the train arrived in Jersey City. Mr. Sullivan began thinking. He knew that he had had attached in Jersey City. Mr. Sullivan began thinking. He knew that he had had attached in him of the Poet Geoghegan.

"I wonder," he cogitated, "if I dreamed that the fellow had his hands in my pocket, and while in a state of snoring unconsciousness if I picked up the paw of an innocember fellow passenger and began to bite it. Guest the best thing I can do is to disappear from the train when it slows up at Newark."

Mr. Sullivan carried out this idea while the stranger was allowing ice-water to drip on his lacerated hand. Mr. Sullivan remained in Newark for two days and communicated with his friends by wire. Several of them went to Newark to see him, and finally persuaded him to continue his homeward trip. Arriving at Jersey City Mr. Sullivan and his friends visited Taylor's Hotel, and while there a detective recognized Mr. Sullivan, and approaching him, remarked:

"Why did you get off the train the other evening? I saw the man put his hands in your pocket, and I saw how you caught him and bit him. I intended to arrest him as soon as we got to Jersey City, but you skipped, while I was keeping my eye on him. You are a nice sort of a chap."

"Give us a bottle," said Mr Sullivan.

Cost of Running a Theatre

[From the Louisville Courier-Journal.]
Few people have an idea of the cost of run a theatre. One of the local managers yest stated that his daily expense was \$100. Th stated that his daily expense was \$100. This includes rent of the house, heating, gas, advertisements, bill-posters' pay and all the numberless things for which a manager has to pay. The theatre receives 60 to 70 per cent. of the gross receipts. Thus, if a company does not take in as much as \$2,000 a week, the house loses money. Many combinations do not receive the half of \$3,000 in a week. Companies frequently do not average \$50 a night. Some greatly exceed \$3,000 a reak throughout the second the poor ones. Nat Goodwin will come well-near averaging \$5,000 s reak throughout the second that amount here, but he went to \$1. Louis on the following week, during the encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, and played to \$3,000, which is an enormous business. The only company which approached that sum here last season was the Boston Ideal Opera Company. In the museums, the companies usually get only 42 per cent, of the gross receipts.

He Liked the Town.

The President—Dan, my visit to Chicago was the most agreeable one of the year. Dan-Yes, sir. The magnificent display of pol and military, the enthusiasm of the vast exow

The President—Certainly, certainly; that all well enough, but what I mean is, that I was kneed by any red-headed woman with a visibreath, and nobody fired paneakes at us. I II I should like to live in Chicago—after head

MARPLE'S JUSTIFICATION. (Continued from Monday's EVENING WORLD.) ARTHA still sewed on the porch. There was a grim smile on her face. She had her revenge; Mary Croll would understand—Mary Croll, who without a word had out a word had ever Q 601 1

had injured. How Mary would writhe, and how her soft melodious voice, so often tuned to Bible sanctities. would murmur, "The way of the transgressor is hard;" how she would take to herself those imprecatory

psalms of David in which he calls for rengeance upon his enemies and the doers of his undoing. "And I have told Rosy," she

thought. It would be something new to mark the working of her daughter's mind; she knew that Rosy was like herself, and it would be interesting to note if she loved as deeply as her mother once did. If Rosy loved John her mother's wrong while it would appeal to her would make her hold with tenacity to the son of the woman her father had loved, as to the innocent victim of her mother's

But Rosy would not dare to marry him-if she were like her maher she would not dare

she were like her mether she would not dare
to marry him.

And how John would despise his mother as
the cause of it all!

Revenge was sweet; she had not waited all
these years for nothing; there was a grave
into which her husband had been thrust after
the horrors of Chancellorsville—nay, that
grave was in her heart, and over it she had
wept tears of blood, of self-accusation, of
blame of him, of Mary, of even God. And
now her vengeance had overtaken the wrongdoer. Wait long enough and your enemies
are in your power.

doer. Wait long enough and your enemies are in your power.

There was a step on the porch. She would not look up; Rosy should not think that she took a mean advantage of the situation. She composed her face and sewed interestedly.

She pitied Rosy; she loved her with all the love denied by a husband who had known how his wife had worshipped him from her earliest girlhood, and yet who could wrong that love and worship.

She had never been able to show in soft ways what Rosy was to her; her soft ways had become hard ways when the girl was newly born; for had she not by that time come to know that her husband's love was not hers?

newly born; for had she not by that time come to know that her husband's love was not hers?

She wondered that Roay did not break the silence. Poor child! Of course she loved John Croll, and—suppose Rosy were like herself; in that case she would sink into a queralous old woman dreaming of old possibilities, would see John marry some one class, would fee! that he had forgotten her. Forget her! Had Thaddeus forgotten Mary when he married Martha?

Thaddeus had never given Martha an angry word, even waen he knew what credence she gave to gossiping tongues that had told her about Mary; he hed dearly loved the little baby, and had sorely grieved because his wife was so cruelly hard and unforgiving.

But John would love again and marry.

Love again! why, he loved Rosy: if he could love again why could not Thaddeus have loved again after Mary had broken with him? Had Thaddeus loved his wife? The question startled her; she had never asked it since she had known that he had loved Mary. She frowned the answer away now.

At any rate Rosy would see John a happy husband and father. Had Mary seen Thaddeus a happy husband and father? Mary had known that Thaddeus was unhappy in his home life, that his wife drove him forth to death—she must have known it.

And Rosy—she wished Rosy would not be so quiet; she relied upon Rosy more than she cared to acknowledge. Rosy, her only child, her all.

child, her all.

"Mrs. Marple!"

The sewing dropped from her hands. The new farm-hand was on the porch, not Rosy.

"The like o' youens is always worryin' weuns," she complained. "Sam Pennel gives the orders, I've nothin' to do wi' the farm. Dear knows I'm as tired to death as a farm. Dear knows I'm as tired to death as a widow woman can be. I'll sell the farm, that's what I'll do, I'll sell it; don't care if 'twas my father's an' his father's before him. What you want?"

"I've got somethin' to say to you; will you listen?"
She did not like his manner. e did not like his manner ; but she would brave him.

She did not like his manner; but she would brave him.

"What is it now? The strikers comin'? Your wo'k done in the gyarden?"

"I want to tell you 'bout a man out West. I'm from there. He come there two months back sick as could be. He had somethin' on his mind, was out of his head. He talked in his fever; he'd ask a girl to have him, and the girl's mother wouldn't hear of it. He come West, sick; I found him near my ranch and I took him in. He got better and wrote a letter to the girl and got me to take it to the mail. I saw the girl's name on the envelope. I pretended the South-East wanted me and I come to the South-East carryin' his letter with me. I posted the letter day before yesterday right here. The girl got it this mornin'. She didn't notice the postmark, I guess; she only looked at the letter."

Martha's face had darkened while he spoke, until it would have made many a man, undertaking his mission, hesitate to continue in it.

"You come from John Croll," she said.

"You hired wi' me an' spied on me till you done had a chance to attact me when I was alone. That's like John Croll's blood, to give such orders. My daughter"—

"Your daughter knows nothing of it; your daughter has just destroyed John Croll's letter."

"You have saw her do it, eh?—you have saw her do it? Then take that for an answer to John Croll—that she destroyed his letter. That's all. Go!" She had risen to her feet, and with extended arm pointed to the road. He stood his ground.

ground.
"It may mean death—death to John Croll,"
he said, 'death."
"You got my daughter's answer wi' out a
word from me or her. His death be at your

door."

"Your daughter loves him."

"You got her answer." she doggedly pessisted, "you got her answer."

"Her answer is what you make 'tt," he said.

"How?" she cried, "you been spyin' on us while we talked a bit ago? You been eavesdroppin' all this month you been here?

That's why I didn't see you till this mornin', is it?—you been too sly to face me. John Croll's blood tells in his orders to his spies. If Sam Pennel was here I'd order him to horsewhip you. Leave the farm, now, this minute!"

"I tell you your daughter loves John

"I tell you your daughter loves John Croll, she has her rights."
"Who's takin' 'em from her?"
"You are!"
"Me!"

"You are," he repeated boldly. "You'd make your daughter a woman like yourself, unlovin', unforgivin', untrue."
"How dare you!"—her face blanched and working; "me unlovin' and untrue!"
"To your husband."
She ran to him; she raised her hand almost as though she would strike him.
"You wretch!" she zaid. "John Groll's told you what I done told him. An' this is

what's to make me change my mind an' give my daughter to him, is it?"

'Then you own that you force your daughter to do as you'd have her do?"

"Force! Yes, if her mother's sufferin' is force; yes, if her daughterliness sees in my life anythin' to turn her again the son of her that spoiled that life."

"Had you loved your husband"—

"Had I loved him!" she shrilled. "Had I loved him! Is it hate of him that makes me like I am after his death? Is it hate of him that makes me accuse myself daily, hourly, an' makes me dream of him night after night when all the rest o' the world is sleepin' sound, an' I go over the whole way in my sleep, an' see him in constant danger, shot down, murdered, an' me powerless to save

Your daughter shall marry the man she loves. Her father says so!"

She has fallen into the rocking-chair and was tugging at the collar of her frock as though she suffocated. Noting her misery he hesitated.

"I'll go back West now, he said; "I didn't come to make you feel like this. And one thing be sure of—Bosy don't know who I am, shall never know. Let her think me dead, let her despise my memory. But I was justified in comin'—her love and John Croll's was my justification. I tell you the truth, accident threw the young man in my way—I heard of a stranger named Croll, sick and helpless: the name struck me; I went to see him. I took him to my ranch and nursed him. I am Bill Slocum out there; so he calls me."

"An' what brought you here, besides the love your daughter bears a man?"

It was her voice, but how hollow and strange. There was a fierce light in her eyes now, and he qualled before it—the man who had let his wife believe him dead for twenty years.

years.

"Good-bye!" he said. "Of course I'm to blame. I can't say any more. But I forbid you to keep our daughter from the man she loves. If you do I will tell her who I ammaybe she will love me when she knows my story."
She laughed at this, following him up as he walked toward the steps of the porch:
"What brought you here?"
"The love of two young hearts." he answered. "Let me go; if I stayed I'd tell my

daughter who I am, for I love her now as I loved her when she was a baby, and if she knew me she'd love me, perhaps take some of her love of you to give to me.,"

"You came because it is Mary Croll's boy

what so make meaning ""

"Morgal two over that you force your daughter "Forcal" I'se, if her mother's sufferin' is force; yes, if her daughter lines sees in my life anythin' to turn her again the son of her that spelled that life."

"Had I loved him." Is it hate of him that makes me like I am after his death? I sit hate of him that makes me accuse myself daily, hourly, an' makes me dream of him inght after night when all the rever the whole way in my sleep, an' see him in constant danger, shot down, murdered, an' me powerless to save him?"

"The man took hold of the rail of the porch." If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"He man took hold of the rail of the porch." If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"When John Croll's mother."

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"When John Croll's mother."

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"When John Croll's mother."

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"You have not the word in her will be somethin' of pain for her to know her son loved your husband's aduptter?"

For a moment she wavered, as though she weighed his words in her mind.

"If you loved him why don't you make his weighed his words in her mind.

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his weighed his words in her mind.

"If you loved him why don't you make his weighed his words in her mind.

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his weighed his words in her mind.

"If you loved him why don't you make his child happy?

"If you loved him why don't you make his weight his words in her mind.

"If

[From the Boston Globe.] Her head is full of fancies, That pretty head of Nancy's, Of olden time romances She breathes the very air : A vision that entrances That tender heart of Nancy's And takes it in a snare.

Adown her dream there prances

A charge of knights with lances, All smitten with the glances Of Nancy, I will swear;

The guerdon that she grants is

That little hand of Nancy's. Tho', in real life, the chance is Her knight will have red hair. They Never Sleep. hattre that never sleep. Yes, that's true—and they won't let anybody clas sleep, either—that is, I have been told so. Some say insect powder will kill 'em, but Jones, who has fought through many wars, says the only pop-sure thing is to burn up the bedstead. But Pashionable Ladies Also Lean Toward HE favorite dogs

alarming tendency towards fox and bull-terriers, no doubt because they have the reputation of being more manly dogs. At any rate, men have affected them from time immemorial, and women who are getting tired of spaniels and pugs and poodles are going in for animals of an entirely different stripe.

"Fox-terriers are not particularly good natured dogs, but they have the advantage of being aristocratic, which makes up for a great many unpleasnt things about them, and then too they are fashionable. They began to get popular about two years ago and now there is no doubt that they are away ahead of all other pet dogs. You can't get a good fox-terrier under \$25 and they sometimes sell as high as \$1,000, especially imported breeds.

"There's one in that cage," he went on, pointing to a little white, shaggy bobtailed dog of very meek appearance, 'that's imported. You see he has the shaggy rough hair. Well, that dog couldn't be bought for \$700. Most of the fox-terriers you see in this country, however, are domestic."

"How about bull-terriers? Oh, they are always just about so popular, and there is always a good market for them. The kind that the ladies like are very small, weighing only from three to six pounds, and they cost \$50 apiece and upward. They are very gentle dogs and will give their mistresses very little trouble if they are properly brought up. Yorkshires and silver Scotches are nice pet dogs, but we do not sell as many of them as we do of the ones just mentioned. The other day I sold one of the finest Yorkshires I ever saw for \$400. She weighed only five pounds and her hair was 22 inches long, which is something quite unprecedented. A pure-bred silver Scotch will fetch anywhere from \$200 up.

Other ladies' pets are King Charles and Blenheim spaniels, which still retain a certain amount of popularity, although the market for these fancy breeds is not large, and the coming pets in this country. Efforts have been made here to breed pure-blooded Swiss Mountain dogs and with the most gratifying success during th

[From the Chicago Herald.]
"Yes, sir, I am a private detective, and understand my business," was the explanation and declaration made by James Martin when taken before Justice White yesterday morning. Two officers testified that Martin persisted in follow-

was followed by a smile and a sweetly minuted:

"Merci."

When the cab was secured the gentleman, handing the lady in, asked in an insinuaring tone of volce: "Where shall we drive to?"

The lady gave an address, and while the male party communicated the same to the driver she stepped lineide, closed the door and telling the coachman to drive on, presented the insinuating stranger with a two-sous piece. The horrified look on the man's face as he gazed steadily at the coin was a study for an artist.

[Faom the Surlington Free Prece,]
Father-Who are the leading men in your class

ball around two posts; Tom Smith can kick nine feet and two mones high, and Andy Jorden, can throw any man in the university. Our class is going to make a brilliant record, father.

(Prom Le Gauleis, ]
As the audience were leaving the theatre an